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drapery of the figure falls from the shoulders to the feet in rich ample folds which lie in straight lines, and are so arranged that the arms are left free. The neck and throat are uncovered; this, with the exquisite modelling of the neck, makes the Torlonia Minerva look taller than the Vatican and Capitoline Minervas. The drapery of the Vatican Minerva is probably finer, but the face and head of the Torlonia Minerva are much grander. The casque has the same symbols as the Vatican Minerva, but it is more elegant in form than either of the other casques: it is delicate in shape, and adorns the head in a most graceful manner. The solemn sweet face, the beautifully modelled neck and throat, slightly framed by the falling hair, give the stamp of superiority to the Torlonia Minerva.

The Torlonia Venus, in the opinion of some adequate judges, fully equals, if it does not surpass, the Venus of Milo. The body is nude and full of suppleness and majesty. There is an expression of grave simplicity in the whole figure. The movement and action are entirely free from self-consciousness or shame. It is more grandiose than the Milo in this regard; and its beauty is more ideal and elevated.

There is also in the Torlonia Museum an Apollo which came like the Minerva from the Porto, and has never been seen by the public. The god is represented as the Pythian Apollo with all his attributes. He holds in his left hand the bow; the right arm leans on the sacred tripod, symbol of the oracle. There is a fascinating freedom in the serpentine pose of the Torlonia Apollo, and also a cool, high indifference, which, united to the expression of the face, creates a character of melancholy and disdain. The face is majestic and calm; but it is also sarcastic and sad, as if the god knew humanity would never have the good sense to profit by its revelations.

The group of Hercules and Telephus is one of the most remarkable in the Torlonia Museum. Like Minerva and Apollo, Hercules has his attributes—the club and lion's skin. The god holds his son Telephus most tenderly on one of his great broad hands. The hind that nursed the child stands to the right and gazes up eagerly at her charge. The pose of Telephus is delicious and full of nature: one knee is bent and rests on the huge hand of Hercules, the other baby foot braces against his father's body; his little hands grasp the lion's skin on which he is seated, and which forms the drapery and head-covering of Hercules. The lion's head makes a sort of helmet; the teeth rest on the hero's brows like an upraised visor or a strange crown. The body of the god is so muscular that it is meagre, but at the same time vigorous and bold. The face of Hercules is inexpressibly sad, indeed pathetic; he looks up as if imploring Jove to protect the child, knowing but too well the ingratitude of human hearts, and the vicissitudes of mortal destiny.

There is also a delightful group of Cupid and Psyche. The children are winged. Cupid holds Psyche's head back, and her arms are around him. The expression of the faces is delicious. They gaze at each other intently: it is a look of deep spiritual felicity, which arises from the certainty of knowing and belonging to one another in eternal union and happiness.

The most lovely statue in the museum, however, in the opinion of the writer in Blackwood's Magazine, is a seated figure of a woman. The expression of the face, the unconsciousness of the pose, seem to belong to a solitary moment. The limbs are very elegant; the arms are delicate but round; the drapery tight, beautifully arranged, and entirely free from mannerism. The remarkable expression on the face of this figure proves that the sculptor must have known his model well; it is one of bitter sadness; the lips are drawn upwards with a feminine expression of scorn, as if her intercourse had been with souls unworthy of her and encountered undeserving disappointments. Under the chair on which she sits lies a great mastiff with a faithful, protecting look.

Among other fine works are a standing portrait of Hortensius, Cicero's rival, representing him in a majestically draped toga at his proudest moment, the instant of successful debate; a remarkably vigorous statue known as the Ruspoli philosopher, who is depicted in the act of arguing, his face quivering with the rage of discussion; and a wonderfully fine head of Aristotle. There are also two heads of Nero, curiously suggestive of his strange character. One is as the hereditary prince, the other as emperor. The handsome boy-face is even more cruel than the imperial portrait. The eyes have a furtive, cunning watchful-

ness in them, and remind one of what his biographers say—that he was first cruel from fear. His mouth is like his grandmother's and mother's, the two Agrippinas, but stronger, and inexpressibly haughty. The hair has a barbarian thickness; it rises up around the temples and forehead, as on the head of a young bull. The imperial bust looks more sensual and ferocious, but has an increased cunning in the expression.

Such are only a few of the wonderful features of a museum concerning which volumes might be written.

Private Galleries.*

COLLECTION OF THE ESTATE OF ALEXANDER TURNER STEWART.

III.

OVER the heads of the horses of Meissonier's "1807" we see the horses of Rosa Bonheur's famous "Foire aux Chevaux." It is a splendid proof of the lady's genius that they bear the contrast well. Stand off from the two pictures, get them both into view at once, and you see that Mademoiselle's animals are solid, each one a rounded complete fact; in Meissonier's picture the illusion of roundness is lost in a scattering of dissected parts; the horses do not stand out in the air like protruding objects that you can see all the way around. The sense of atmospheric distance, of solidities separated from each other by a bath of air—a quality that any representation of real objects should aim to convey—is the success of the lady painter. About a score of principal figures of horses, with indications of others in the crowd, and an equal number of human beings more or less involved in the confusion, make up the groups of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." The animals are being ridden and led to sale in the early light of a fine spring morning. The drama of the picture is concentrated in the middle, where we see a picturesque but discreditable instance of French jockeyship. The sellers of the fine stallions which are used in Paris for the omnibuses are apt to indulge in every means to spoil each other's property; the grooms try to ride down their rivals' beasts, and, taking advantage of the hasty tempers of the half-savage brutes, to make them inflict an injury or disfigurement on their rivals. One stallion, a black, is caused by his rider to rear and paw against another, a pure white animal, who is being hastily led aside by a walking groom. The white shows the easily-excited animosity of an incipient fighter in the wicked roll of his eye, and the man who walks with him, even while busy managing his tossing head and champing mouth, looks back at the other groom with the expression of a quarrel that will keep till a future time; meanwhile the rider of the black, his arm and stick lifted high in the air, and his heels flogging the furry flanks of the animal, makes a fine attitude for the artist, and the central incident of the picture. In front are trotting two very powerful Norman dappled grays, guided by a man in his shirt, who rides the round back of one of them without a saddle. Ponies, hackneys, butchers' cobs, mostly with tails done up in a chignon, French fashion, and all making good time toward the fair, constitute the procession. The horse-market has occupied its present place on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital and the Rue du Maché-aux-Chevaux ever since 1642, when François Barajon, apothecary and chamber valet to the king, obtained the privilege of establishing a horse-market near the present location; the principal entrance is found on the Boulevard side; an ante-court is reserved for the sale of vehicles at auction; then, near the stand of the crier is seen the space destined to accommodate the beasts that are to receive the bids. The market proper, extending toward the Rue du Cendrier, is planted with two parallel alleys of large trees, destined to shade the animals and protect them in some degree from flies (which maintain a flourishing metropolis at the Paris horse market); and it is these symmetrical trees, fringed with the faint green of spring in the pale morning light, which form the beautiful decorative lacework over the bossy forms of Mlle. Bonheur's fat horses. We have seen at least one replica of this picture by the artist—to wit, in the South Kensington Museum, London. Rosa Bonheur is much more highly esteemed as an artist in countries where gallan-

try and chivalry preponderate over the critical spirit, as England and America, than in her own land. She received the decoration of the Legion of Honor from Eugénie—a thing almost unprecedented for a woman—while the Emperor was absent at Solferino. And Cham has represented her favorite model, a mighty bull, as protesting against the color of this incendiary bit of ribbon, and raising in the studio a revolution worthy of the most confirmed woman-hater.

Auguste Bonheur, Rosa's brother, shows at the opposite end of the gallery a picture which is the masterpiece of his life. It represents "Cattle at Fontainebleau." The mighty plainness of Fontainebleau oak-trunks, like an Egyptian peristyle, rises in evenly-spaced grandeur through a great sylvan perspective, over which the crowns of oak-leaf hang in the still air, and dust the ground with percolated golden lights. Huge cattle, in every conceivable attitude of repose, rest on the grassy carpet. The velvet pile of their hides is as real in texture as any woven stuff: beautiful skins of brownish black, or of patched bronze and white, are decried sleeking their soft richness in the spaces between the trees, sometimes turned to glittering leopard-skins as the spots of light fall upon them. Like the "Horse Fair," this picture is broad enough to occupy the end of a gallery. The brother's work is far superior to the sister's in landscape sentiment, expression of atmosphere, and subtle rendering of soft and difficult textures.

A striking and popular picture is the "Triumph of Germanicus," yet it can hardly be said that it is the triumph of Piloty. This German Delaroche is given to artificial-looking and varnishy schemes of color, disjointed efforts at brilliancy in detached spots, and pompous compositions of "personæ" evidently arranged for a theatrical fifth act. As a narrative, an eloquent historical paragraph, the picture must be admitted to succeed. It represents the triumphal entry into Rome accorded to Germanicus by Tiberius in May, A.D. 17. Tiberius really saw in the occasion a telling advertisement of himself. He and his general had prevailed over the Germans, whereas Augustus and his general had been baffled. It was not for Tiberius to be compelled to go about with long hair and beard, dashing his gray head against palace walls at night, and groaning, "Varus! Varus! give me back my legions!" The victory which Arminius, the prince of the Cherusci, had obtained in the three days' fight in Teutoburg forest was corrected by the victory of Germanicus on the Elbe. In the picture, Tiberius caresses in his soul the idea of this "éclatant" achievement of his reign, as from his towering throne he watches the shadow of the triumphal arch fall over the advancing form of Germanicus. Arminius has escaped, and is not there to adorn the triumph. But Arminius's wife, Thusnelda, whom the chief had won by violence in early days, is forced to walk in the procession, leading by the hand her little son Thumelicus. As she had not been taken prisoner of war, but had been given up by her treacherous father, Segestes, it was unknighly and dishonorable in Germanicus to introduce her among his captives. The delivery of Thusnelda to the Romans soon after the Teutoburg battle forms an anterior scene which might equally tempt the Piloty pencil; it is the earlier disgrace of the oft-abased, proud Thusnelda. Her father, to win favor with the Romans, entrapped Germanicus and Thusnelda to his castle, even while his son-in-law was flushed with victory. Arminius escaped, but Thusnelda was conducted like a captive by Germanicus to the Roman camp. "She shed no tear," says Tacitus. "She disdained any word of supplication. With her arms folded under her bosom, she glanced at her figure, which revealed how soon she would become a mother." This glimpse of the uncompromising behavior of a savage princess gives the artist his clue for the delineation of her garb and temper in the subsequent triumph. Strong and haughty, enveloped in her yellow hair, she strides into Rome like one of the Erinnyes. The pageant, of which she is the principal jewel, is the demonstration of Roman theatric art in the first century, and is a superb stage-grouping of trophies, strange barbaric figures, shaggy animals of the north, and blasé Italians condescending to admire a Roman holiday. Already for months past the battle painters and landscapists of the capital have been busy painting the battles of Germanicus, and the scenes of German hill and river where they were fought. These representations of battle and landscape, to glorify the triumphing general, were borne through the city, and some real captives, with some

fictitious Germans in masks were dragged on before the car. Among the trophies were the Roman eagles, retaken from the Teutons. A German chief, in fact—for the barbarian ranks were full of traitors, among whom was the brother of Arminius—had given the Romans word where to find their eagles, in the "holy Tann," the fane and sanctuary of the tribe. This fact explains the insolent feeling manifested in the foreground incident of the picture, where a Roman legionary leads by the beard a gray priest of the Tann, wreathed with holy oak, and tottering with debility and shame. Thusnelda herself, following behind, is not a more striking illustration of Roman outrage. Yet still more dishonorable and debased than any mere example of Latin harshness was the cynical, sycophantic figure of Thusnelda's father, Segestes, introduced into the triumph as a Roman ally, his giant form desecrated sitting near Germanicus as a friend, and looking on while his daughter and grandson were led in chains.

But the temptation to stray into historical musings is carrying the Cicerone away from what should be his only preoccupation—the pictorial and plastic interests of this large, suggestive gallery. Already the space that can be given to a single collection is too much encroached upon. An unjust neglect of many delightful works must be the penalty for the desultory moments that have been spent in lingering before the half dozen giants of art already considered.

One of the finest examples of German genre art in America is the specimen of Ludwig Knaus, the famous Düsseldorf painter, whom Berlin has attracted to herself by the bait of a professorship. The ever-charming humors of child-character are spread before us by the hand of a master in the construction of innocent vaudevilles. In his present picture, tables are spread in a large room, as if for a school festival. Here are healthy, gluttonous boys, little greedy girls demurely satisfying an intense and all-comprising appetite, a singing-woman admitted to lend the sweets of harmony to the feast, an enormous Danish hound rudely pushing his big head between the beautiful village mother and the baby she is feeding. In a retired corner, to the left, a cat, who has appropriated an enormous morsel, is getting it through her throat by shaking her head upward in a series of jerks, after the manner of her kind—the anatomy of the felis family having forgotten to provide any throat-muscles to distribute the food discriminatingly downward, so that the replenishing must be done by this awkward shaking-up of all the upper part of her body. Who has not seen a great cat thus gormandizing in character, settling her contents as we settle a potato-bag by shaking the mouth, her unamiable lips hanging at the corners with a purse-like expansion, and hissing and lisping as she manages her breath among the descending boluses of food? But who ever painted these noises and struggles before Knaus? This splendid example is about four by three feet in size, contains nearly fifty figures, and, if we judge it by the mercantile criterion, would be admired to the extent of fifteen thousand dollars by any dealer.

An equally amusing genre subject is by Erskine Nicol, the Scotch peasantry delineator, whose mind takes its vacations in Ireland for the gratification of its love for fun. Here is a scene fit to arouse furious agitations in the soul of an agrarian reformer, yet viewed by the artist only on its humorous side. The Paddies, in the office of the feared and hated land agent, are renewing their leases on rent day. A deed lying on the table is being examined. They are ready to swear that it has been the worst year ever known, and the rents must be lowered. The agent's cue, of course, is to declare that the crops have been unprecedentedly fine, and the rate must be increased. The reader, who knows Nicols from a hundred paintings and engravings, may be safely left to imagine the type of the man of power, intensely provincial yet grand in his despotism, and the characters of the rough, shrewd, stormy-souled and thoroughly-cowed tenantry in coats of frieze and corduroy breeches.

CICERONE.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

SOME OF THE TREASURES IN THE NEW WING OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

BOSTON, August, 1879.

HAVE you in New York yet seen the *new* Hermes, rescued from its long oblivion by the excavations at Olympia to go straight upon a pedestal in the highest niche of the temple of art? Our Museum of Fine Arts has recently added it to the "Olympia Room" of casts, and one of the directors of the institution, Mr. C. C. Perkins, declares, in his learned notes on the new statuary acquired since the last catalogue was printed, that "had this group (for Hermes holds the infant Dionysos on his arm) alone been found at Olympia, the German government would have been amply repaid for the expense incurred in excavating on that famous site." The god is sculptured in size larger than the human, a naked youth, and though leaning lightly against a tree-trunk is in the pose of the Faun of the Capitol (the "Marble Faun")—which is a copy *after* Praxiteles, not the work of the master himself undoubted and indubitable as it is this Hermes's unique distinction to be. Indeed it is the one work from any great sculptor of Greece perfectly identified as the original work. Pausanias mentions it as the only work of Praxiteles at Olympia, and it was found in its very place, in the cella of the Heraion (sanctuary of Juno), to the right of the entrance, between the second and third columns of the inner row on the northern side. The legs below the knee and the arms are mutilated, but the head, face, neck, breast—in fact the whole trunk of the figure and the thighs and knees are intact, so that the majestic combination of the realistic and the ideal, which it was given to the ancients alone to express, is seen here in all its strength. The genial touch of human sweetness, which comes with such an agreeable surprise into the chaste purity and elevation of these masterworks of antiquity, is in the infant Dionysos, sitting upon the right arm of his protector, and resting one hand on his shoulder. One baby-foot touched the tree-trunk, mostly concealed by graceful folds of the chlamys flung back, while the left hung free, and the child's face looked up towards the bunch of grapes conjectured to have been held in the free hand of the youthful god. Fortunate, indeed, are we to rescue this god-like face and form unharmed. "Nothing more noble in its forms than the head and features of this Hermes, or more beautifully simple, with the simplicity of deep knowledge, than the neck, breast, and loins of the body, exists in sculpture," exclaims the authority above referred to. Close behind it stands the "Sauroktonos" of the Vatican, that marvel of delicate, supple slenderness and grace—Praxiteles again, though a copy. Go from this to the Faun, and back at last to the Hermes once more, and the claim for the surpassing nobility of the last will be at once admitted.

The room for architectural casts is one of the largest of all the noble halls of the new wing of the Museum. Its contents are not yet in place, but when they shall have been arranged as intended a portal of a Greek temple with its four caryatides of large size, so patiently, so gracefully, bearing their office as columns of support, will first confront the visitor, and form an appropriate termination to the long vista through the ground floor of the Museum. A surprising richness and variety of artistic objects may be included under the architectural category, from these dignified Greek caryatides to the tricky little images in stucco with which modern house-builders ornament cornices and centre pieces. Spread out in lines on the floor are figures and heads, angels, birds, beasts, and reptiles, grinning gargoyles and strange monsters, big and little, in rough classification according to their periods or orders of architecture. One of the most striking and interesting groups of objects here is a row of stiff seraphs from the famous Lincoln Cathedral in old Boston, with their broad and symmetrical wings extended so as to touch tip to tip—a design pleasing not only from its symbolism, but also from its effective decorative and architectural service in covering completely the wall-space it occupies and adorns. Any thing from old St. Botolph's, whence came one of the most powerful divines of our ancient New England theocracy, in whose honor was named the new Boston that has outstripped the old, is of prime interest and value to us all in this community, which knows so well how to value its historical antecedents. It has just come out, by the way, that

the Rev. Phillips Brooks, the celebrated minister of Trinity Church, has received a shipment of bits of the original stones of this Lincolnshire cathedral, displaced in the restoration now in progress there. Exactly what is included in the collection is not known, as the huge packing-cases have not yet been opened. But any true relics of the famous pile will have a distinguished welcome, and no doubt presently find their places in the splendid temple whose Broad Church ministrations make its unequalled artistic riches as common property as the contents of the Museum itself. Leading out from the hall of architectural casts is a smaller room devoted to the sculptures of the Renaissance, and more modern works. It is a fresh and fascinating collection to which the visitor turns with lively but bewildered interest after the severe perfections of the classic era. Here are Michael Angelo's great figures; also the series of alto-reliefs made for the balustrade organ loft of the cathedral at Florence by Luca del Robbia, but never set up, each representing a band of youths singing, dancing, and playing upon musical instruments. The group of singing boys, somewhat familiar in reproductions, can almost be heard in their unvoiced chanting, so lifelike is the depicting of the motions and expressions of their open mouths and eyes bent upon their score over one another's shoulders. In every tablet (there are ten) the same rapt, unconscious, boyish earnestness and enthusiasm animate the skilful grouping, crowded and jostling in all imaginable variety, yet without loss of dignity, grace, or the prevailing elevation of artistic treatment. A great monumental tomb, with the saint lying atop at full length, his head turned so as to rest upon its pillows, looms in the midst of all, and startles one with the notion that he is standing in some old world sanctuary. Another valuable example here is a circular bas-relief in which the pictorial essays in sculpture of the Tuscan artists of the school of Ghiberti are seen at their best,—an adoring Madonna from the Uffizi gallery.

The "Allston Room" of painting is one of the new institutions of the Museum. It is designed to gather and concentrate the products of the elder American painters, the great portraitists of the beginning of this century especially. Here are eight of those Copleys without one of which, even if it has to be a copy, no New England family can lay successful claim to ancestral dignity. Hancock, Adams, Hooper, and Quincy, are among these American aristocrats in wigs and knee-breeches, all pictured with an incisive individuality of character which commands respect for earnestness, truth, and power, even though uninstructed in technique and limited and meagre in the scale of color.

There are moreover ten Gilbert Stuarts. His portraits, to be sure, are not so rare, and have none of that antique style which sets Copley as a painter so far away from the moderns. His coloring is rich, and in its flesh tints at once warm and naturalistic, clearly governed by the principles recognized by the best artists of to-day. Stand before this grand and glowing portrait of General Knox from Faneuil Hall, and you will readily concede the place awarded to him as the first among American painters. There is a sturdy cheer and sustained strength and ease in a large, objective, picturesque conception of his subject that are in marked contrast to the nervous, tentative, subjective, and finally unintelligible way of treating portrait work that has been the fashion in certain high quarters. Our young painters had much better sit before these portraits by Stuart (and those by his contemporary and rival, Sir Joshua Reynolds, hanging near by) than before the bravadoes of the latest arrivals from Munich and Paris.

The familiar picture of Washington, which is the accepted and standard portrait of "Pater Patriæ," and the original sketch for it, are among the Stuart paintings deposited with the Museum in trust for safe-keeping for the city of Boston, to which they belong. They had hung for half to three quarters of a century in Faneuil Hall, where they were manifestly too much exposed to fire and other dangers. The collection of Washington Allston's works, which gives the name to this gallery, contains fourteen paintings, some of them of just renown, though more show greater ambition than achievement. The portrait of the painter by himself presents very much the figure one might imagine from the immensely excessive literature about him, a sickly and self-conscious-looking young prig, with neck swathed in the cravat of the period when men quoted the Latin classics in long letters to each other, and prided themselves on "sensibility" and "the ideal," and carefully tumbled their hair down over their brows.

THE experiment of lighting the Paris Salon by electricity has shown that the colors of the pictures retain the same value and tone as in daylight. But it seems that the electric light does not treat the paintings with fairness. Those "skied" are the most benefited, being nearest the apparatus. In the central portion of the building, called the "Jardin," where the sculpture is exhibited, there is not enough light, and the white marble looks most ghostly.